

RUTLAND HERALD.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO BE A GENERAL REPOSITORY OF POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, DISCUSSIONAL, MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND ENTERTAINING READINGS.

BY H. T. WHITE.

RUTLAND, VT. AUGUST 31, 1913.

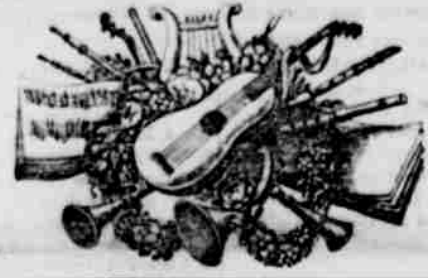
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For the Herald.

ON RETURNING TO CASTLETON.

Pride of the valley, hail, all hail!

With joy thy lovely form I greet,

And flows the tribute of my song

In lowly numbers at thy feet.

For thou on memory's dreary waste

A fair, verdant spot art seen,

Round which affections, pleasures, hopes

Are ever fondly clustering.

The rapid wheels of time have marked

Their annual course since last we met;

And change, resistless change, his seal

On all things fair and bright hath set.

And thou art changed;—though here thy shades

As erst invite to sweet repose,

And there, along the emerald mead,

Thy crystal stream in silence flows.

Though round, the everlasting hills

Uplift their summits to the skies,

And the same spacious vault spreads out,

Bathed in its rich ethereal dyes;

Yet art thou changed: the bloom of spring

Was then upon thy blushing brow,

And like some maiden fair thou look'dst

On whom dwelt not the altar vow.

Now summer's full-tide glories swell

Thy vernal beauties; and a bride,

Elate with hope, thou sit'st enobled,

Radiant with smiles thou can'st not hide.

Yet art thou changed: the kindred souls

Whose converse lent each moment wings,

And threw around thy charms a zest,

(Sweet fruit of friendship's offerings.)

They are not here; the cherished haunts

No longer echo to their tread,

Nor yield forth one responsive note

To voices whose sweet tones have fled.

Like vessels on the billowy main,

Those friends their various courses keep;

And who may say if e'er again

In life's uncertain road they meet.

They are not here; yet shall I love

Thy rural beauties still the less;

And now that faith hath snatched away

Part of thy graces, scorn the rest!

No; nature hath too deep infixed

Within my breast enduring love

For all her works, and thou, bright spot,

Art blessed thy sister works above.

The seat of learning and of art,

To shield from pain, and rear the mind,

Their Mecca thou, who knowledge seek,

How favored pilgrims at thy shrine!

Aloof from crime, unknown to vice,

Blessed, aye, thrice blessed thy favored lot;

Thou chosen home of innocence,

Who would admire and love thee not!

T. G. M.

Castleton, Aug. 22, 1913.

UNIVERSAL FAME.

BY J. K. PAULING.

It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the East. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the East, and being all great travelers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life—and, above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the scene of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world. Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their ABC."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thou-

sand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth, "Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *kehounouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the Prophet."

"Peste!" cried the Frenchman, "there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."

"I do," exclaimed the Yankee. "The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese, "I don't believe there is any such place."

"Nor I," said the Turk. "There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramus!" exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceeded to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and greatest achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Hamuleskend, who wrote beyond the comprehensions of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Testris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Armenius, or Rant, or Gali, or Schiller, or Goethe!" said the German.

"Nor to Julius Caesar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee, "all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington!"

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Eschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extended to the utmost ends of the earth?"

"Who are these blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking of!" cried the rest with one voice—"Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, THE HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME!"

"We never heard their names before, and therefore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian, "what are all these to the great hero Rustand and the great poet Fordousi, who wrote the poetical history of Irak, in twenty thousand couplets?"

"Did any body ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah!" exclaimed the Chinese. "Hi Yah!"—Your elder brother Loo Choo, knocks head and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world, who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses."

"We never heard of him before," cried they all.

"What a set of foreign barbarians," said the Chinese.

"And what thinks you of our great prophet Mahomet?" asked the Turk. "Mashallah, his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran."

"It may be, but we have never read it," said they all with the exception of the true believers.

"Dogs!" cried he, "may your heads be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your undertakings."

As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents, and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

"And this is Universal Fame!" exclaimed an old dervise, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking a part in the debate, "to be adorned as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an impostor in the other; to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of his neighbor, to be held as an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other; to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor; and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by, more than one half of mankind. This, this is UNIVERSAL FAME!"

A very modest lady who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard, on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the crew to haul down the sheets.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

THE SEPTURATISTS.

ZOSK, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, June 25.

I am now in this celebrated German village; indeed it is a pleasant one. It is situated near the Eastern bank of the Tuscarawas river, ten miles North of New Philadelphia, and the Ohio canal.

Some twenty-five years ago, a few Germans left their native land, and having had some difference with their religious associates, assumed the name of 'Septuratsists,' and repaired to this country to seek a future home, where they could at once secure to themselves a certainty of a living and enjoy the blessings of religious liberty. They were headed by a man named Rimelar, who conducted them to this place, where they purchased about 3000 acres of land, then a wilderness. They went to work with great spirit and zeal, and by continued industry and economy, have now one of the pleasantest villages in the State. They have since been adding to their possessions, which at this time consists of about 7000 acres of land, and a considerable portion of it handsomely improved and laid off into large fields, with much taste and regularity.

The village is a perfect model of neatness, cleanliness and order. They have a splendid hotel with a copula, conveniently and, in some respects, elegantly arranged and furnished, possessing numerous attractions to travellers and visitors, not to be found in many large cities. I always take this place in my route North, and enjoy quite a luxury in partaking of the fine accommodations and excellent fare here presented; nearly every thing is of their own production. Their storehouse is large and contains every thing in that line. The dwelling, or rather mansion, of their leader is certainly a curiosity. In addition to the size and external splendor of the building, it is furnished with much taste and neatness. Adjoining (separated only by a street) is the large and beautiful public garden, embracing about two acres of ground laid off in a singularly neat and handsome manner.

Immediately in the centre is a circle of about twenty feet in diameter enclosed with a railing, and entered by four small gates at opposite directions; and in the centre, on an elevated small circle, stands a fine century plant now about twenty years old, and the whole is filled up with many beautiful flowers. Toward the centre circle all parts of the garden radiate, forming beds of various shapes, and laid off with great regularity, and filled with every thing calculated to gratify the eye or taste. The green house is large and abounds with many choice and valuable plants. They have one flourishing green bay tree with a few young ones coming up around it; the leaves are strongly spiced.

All the houses recently built are large and well finished, and many of them covered with tile. The gardens are all handsomely and advantageously cultivated; in fact, nothing can exceed the order and cleanliness with which every thing about the whole premises is kept. They are a sober, industrious, moral people, and the peculiar stillness and regular quiet of the place strike the beholder with great force. They are governed by laws of their own which do not come in conflict with those of the general government, and the great object aimed at by the leader, is to instill into the minds of all his subjects a faithful and beautiful obedience to his commands, assuring them that upon this depends all their happiness. They appear completely subservient to his wishes, and the result of their obedience is fully demonstrated in every action of their lives. This being Sunday, I resolved to spend it among them, and at half past eight o'clock in the morning entered the meeting house, a long building partially divided by two large aisles in the centre, one end devoted to females and the other to the females. The former all wear caps and attend church without bonnets, thus presenting a singular array of "capped heads," some of them quite fantastically adorned.

About midway of the house, and opposite a line dividing the audience, is placed a piano forte. At the moment I entered their leader was seated at it and engaged in playing a tune; on his right sat five musicians, with two clarinetos, two with flutes, and one with a violin; in a few moments he gave some directions and they all joined in what I took to be a symphony, which lasted a few minutes, when he gave out a hymn, and the audience all joined in singing, accompanied by the instruments, he playing up on the piano. At the end of the hymn the audience rose, and sang one verse of what I was told was a prayer, which was repeated again at the conclusion of the service, and was all the form of a prayer used. He read a chapter in the Old Testament, and spoke for about an hour in German, with much fluency, and without any excitement. Indeed all their conduct and actions were characterized by great order and self control. Never did I behold a more perfectly placid countenance, and one apparently better calculated to inspire respect and esteem than that of their leader Mr. Bimerler. He is now about 70 years of age, and it is a subject of some anxiety among them who shall succeed him.

After the services were over, the females rose and commenced retreating, those in the front seats going out first, with great regularity, the musicians, including the leader, playing a lively tune. The meeting then broke up. This is all the religious service they have. After this they go to work as is usual on other days, at least many of them do, that being taught them as a part of their duty. They are now permitted to marry, which was not the case some years ago. They are about two hundred in number, exclusive of many hired hands. Those who join them can either give up all their property or not; those who give it up have some privileges; those who do not, labor without remuneration, excepting a support, which is abundant, but in a plain, wholesome form. They appear to be contented, it is thought by many of the citizens around here, that they are not, and that the death of Mr. Bimerler will be the signal for a final dissolution. I spent an hour very pleasantly with him at his mansion, on Saturday night. I found him quite communicative, and disposed to give me all the information I sought.

They certainly have many of the elements of comfort and happiness in their borders, if they can only command the best of all treasures, a contented mind, which is of itself a continual feast. I would just add that their hour of meeting is half past eight in the morning, which I have always thought the most appropriate hour in hot weather, and have wondered

that the custom did not obtain more, especially in large cities. Instead of that we see large congregations assembled at 10 or 11 o'clock and return under all the disadvantages of the burning rays of a meridian sun, and must of necessity subject themselves to much suffering from the heat, which might be avoided did they meet at an earlier hour, so as to enable them to be home in the heat of the day.

MR. SLADE'S ADDRESS.

TO THE FREEMEN OF THE THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF VERMONT.

I find myself placed, by the course of events, in a position which requires me to address you. A Convention held at Burlington on the 8th day of June last, nominated the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh as a candidate for Congress. With the proceedings of that convention a portion of the people were dissatisfied; and that dissatisfaction has, at length, resulted in the announcement of myself as an 'independent candidate' in the Vergennes Vermont, at the request of whigs in that quarter of this county, and, more recently, in the People's Press, at the request of whigs in Bristol in another quarter.

I was aware soon after the meeting of the Convention, that individuals in various parts of this county had manifested a disposition to vote for me, notwithstanding the nomination of another, and, to use my own language, 'whether I would or not,' but I had not the slightest expectation that the dissatisfaction would result in an 'independent nomination.' It was suggested to me to decline; but, so far as I could judge, the indications of a determination to support me were not such as to require it—believing, as I did that they were but sudden exhibitions of disappointed feeling, which might soon subside. In this, however, I was mistaken, as the nominations to which I have referred, as well as other indications, have since shown me.

The question is, therefore, at length, directly presented—Shall I decline? To this question I have given the consideration demanded by the number and character of those who have made me their candidate; and have come to the determination to ask them to withhold from me their votes. I do this with a full appreciation of the kindness of their intentions towards me personally, and in the exercise of every possible disposition to yield to their wishes whenever I can do it consistently with my sense of duty. Under present circumstances it is evident that I cannot longer remain silent without implicitly assenting to be in the field as a candidate; and my judgment is, that no good can accrue either to me personally, or to any interest which I value, from my consenting to stand in that position. I know that I have valued friends who think otherwise; but while I respect their motives, and acknowledge their kindness, I must act on the convictions of my own judgment.

In speaking of motives I must be permitted to say that the suggestion that the 'getting up' of my nomination in the Vermont, was the work of a 'Locofoco clique to divide the whigs,' is entirely unfounded. Whoever will take the trouble to enquire, will find that the nomination originated with whigs as true and hearty as are to be found in the District. They are not, it is true, among what are called Leaders; but they are, nevertheless, entitled to as much respect as any leaders can be, and much more than some deserve. Such, too, is the character of those in other parts of this county, as well as in other portions of the district, whose feelings accord with what is called the 'Vergennes movement.'

Sympathizing, thus, as these friends of mine do, with me in my views of the questions which divide the leading parties, I may be permitted to ask them not to forget what they owe the country in the strength of their desire to serve me. I am unable to perceive that their votes for me can do any good; while they may be made available to sustain, in the person of another our cherished principles and policy. It is to sustain these that I shall give my vote for Mr. Marsh. I shall do this in an undoubting confidence in his integrity and uprightness, as well as in the soundness of his views upon all the questions in regard to which he may be called to act as a representative of the people. In saying this, I refer not only to the standing topics of discussion between the leading parties, but to that other great question in which I take a deep and increasing interest. I need not speak of his views on the subject of slavery. They are before the public in his address to the nominating convention.

I have heard much said upon the subject of slavery by men who scarcely knew what they said, or cared even, so that it might serve the purposes of the moment. Such is not Mr. Marsh, if I know him. He has spoken right, and will, I trust, act right. Enough, surely, will he see of the slaveholding and slave driving spirit, if he remains long in Congress, to stimulate him to decided and efficient action. The time is, moreover, rapidly approaching when this great subject will be forced upon the attention of all; and when the question, 'what has the North to do with slavery?' will be soberly asked by no man who shall desire to maintain the character of a statesman or a Christian. There may continue to be 'diversities of opinion;' but the spirit will be one—a spirit of undying hostility to slavery, not only as a war upon Human Nature, but as utterly hostile to the spirit of our institutions, and, if long cherished, fatal to the existence of our Union.

I have spoken of Mr. Marsh from a desire to do him justice; and of American slavery in my settled purpose to omit no proper occasion while I live, the consequences to me what they may, to assail that giant iniquity, and contribute what I may to scourge it from the face of the earth.

I take this occasion to thank my excellent friends for their manifestations of attachment to me, and shall carry a grateful recollection of it to the latest moment of my life. But circumstances seem to forbid that it should be of any avail except to give me the cheering assurance that I have no discharged my public duties as to commend myself to their confidence and regard.

WILLIAM SLADE.

August 19, 1813.

A priest, named Abbo, was condemned to death at Rome, on the 30th ult. for the murder of his nephew. He has been degraded by the Pope, and will be executed.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

At the last session of Congress, on the motion of Mr. Dayton, United States Senator from New Jersey, a report was made from the Treasury Department of "the quantities, surveys, acquisitions, sales, and reservations of Public Lands," from which we make the following extracts:—

Estimated quantity of land yet to be sold in each State and Territory, including the unceded territory east and west of the Rocky Mountains, south of latitude 49 deg. 1,084,064,993 Acres.
Deduct reservations, 7,526,779

1,076,538,214

Leaving 672,765 50

Of the above quantity the Indian title is extinguished to 364,947,165—

Unextinguished 716,117,828

Surveyed 273,649,356

Unsurveyed 811,418,637

Of the public lands there have already been sold, down to September 30, 112,167—

796,536 acres, bringing \$170,940,942 62

Money paid for extinguishing Indian title, Florida & Louisiana purchase, including interest 67,524,990 32

Paid for surveying and selling including pay of salaries and fees 9,966,610 14

—78,491,601 46

Balance, being the net funds derived from the public funds \$92,449,341 16

In addition to lands sold, there have been granted to the new States, for the purpose of internal improvement, education, &c., grants for military services, reservations made, and sold for the benefit of Indians, &c., 33,756,559 acres.

Of the public lands, Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut ceded 169,609,819

Georgia ceded 58,898,522

North and South Carolina ceded 26,432,000

Purchased of France and Spain 987,552,332

Total 1,242,792,673

This report also contains the deeds of cession from the several States, every one of which expressly provides that the cession is made for the common use and benefit of the several States. We quote from the deed of Virginia as an example:—

"That all the lands within the territory so ceded, &c. shall be considered as a common fund for the use and benefit of each of the United States as have become or shall become members of the Confederation or federal alliance of the United States, Virginia inclusive, according to their usual respective proportions in the general charge and expenditure, and shall be faithfully and bona fide disposed of for that purpose, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever."

Also from the cession of Massachusetts:—

"Whereas several of the States in the Union have at present no interest in the great and extensive tract of uncultivated country lying in the western part of the United States, and it may be reasonable that the State above mentioned should be interested in the aforesaid country, Be it enacted, &c.—National Intelligencer.

DEATH IN TOBACCO.—Perhaps it is not so generally known as may be useful, that tobacco is deadly poison to hogs. A small quantity only, will certainly produce death. By the accidental deposit of a few tobacco stems, which had been steeped in the last winter for a lie to wash vermin from an animal, where access was had to it by our hogs, we lost a few days since a very fine one of the number before even we knew of his sickness. It caused the most extended swelling of the whole intestines, diffused the same effect throughout the whole system, succeeded by very early mortification. Every caution should be used against the recurrence of the misfortune, when occasion exists for the use of so vile a weed, which man affects to take delight in the use of, but which is even to the stomach of a hog certain death!—Cultivator.

VERY AGREEABLE.—"Cousin William" said a merry mischievous young girl, yesterday in our hearing, "What do you think I heard a pretty young lady say of you?"

William blushed and looked as as grave as the circumstance, that a pretty young lady had said something about him would allow.

"I don't know—Something good I hope. Who was it Coz?"

"Shan't tell you, but it's the truth—a very pretty girl did say something about you."

"Well tell me what it was."

"I shan't unless you'll give me that Annual that I wanted."

"Well agreed—you shall have it—now tell me."

"Well now don't blush so—she said you were the ugliest looking man she ever laid her eyes on"—and off ran the little wretch with a merry laugh that made the house ring again.—Cincinnati Sun.

A Hard Customer.—The Wetompa Argos contains an offer of one thousand acres of land by Ozard Langston, of Bibb County, Ala., for the arrest of a man named Mark W. Doss, and his delivery into the custody of any keeper of a jail in Texas.—Said Doss is represented as having deserted his wife, stolen a wagon and team in Alabama; gone over to Texas, where he turned to preaching as a Baptist minister, making a great outward show to sanctity. He ingratiated himself into the favor of a widow lady, and then stole her gold watch and decamped. He then re-appeared in another part of Texas, represented his wife in Alabama to be dead, turned to preaching the gospel again, married a yellow woman, quarrelled with the brother of his first wife, and waylaid and shot him. For this he was thrown into jail, but broke out twice, and the last time made good his escape. He is now supposed to be in Tennessee or Mississippi, either secreted or preaching glad tidings as before. The fellow sings well, and when a resident of Bibb County, Ala., used to teach in singing schools. Editors are requested to pass him round that, if in any of the United States, he may be rooted out and returned to Texas.—N. O. Pic.